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Queen's College Journal

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IN this number we present to our readers the portrait of Professor Cappon. Already, during the short time he has been in connection with Queen's, he has won the confidence and esteem of all for the able manner in which he fills the Chair of English. It is the wish of the JOURNAL that his work in Queen's may not soon come to a close.

German and other continental traders some time ago sorely vexed the souls of British buyers and sellers by sending their inferior goods into British markets with the trade-marks of the best known houses affixed to their wretched productions. At last even the most resolute free-traders became convinced that there was no obligation on them to overlook forgery, and consequently stringent laws were passed to protect the honest and punish the cheats. The cheats were naturally indignant, and they have been puzzling their brains ever since to outwit stupid John Bull in some other way. Can no law be passed against false trade-marks in Literature and Science? When "National" and other high-titled "Universities" of the shoddy type in the States sell B.D., D.D., Ph.D., and Canadian ministers of religion buy them, is it not time to interfere? The scallawags on both sides of the line, that is, the buyers and sellers, the agents and promoters will be indignant, but forgery should be a punishable offence in every case, not only in cottons but in culture, and in the regular trade-marks of both.

The money that enables the Home Mission Committee to make appointments to mission fields is furnished by the church, and the church has made regulations with

regard to the men to be appointed. It specifies that Divinity students who have finished their studies in Arts and who presumably know something more of the great subject of preaching than they did when they commenced their course, are to have the preference over others. This is fair to the students and only justice to the people who are to be ministered unto. We would therefore ask if the attention of the General Assembly ought not to be called to the fact that the committee has again acted this year in flagrant defiance of its regulations. Men who are graduates in Arts, and second year students in Theology, and who never asked for appointments before because they wished to qualify themselves before undertaking the sacred work of preaching, have been passed over for novices. This is in defiance not only of the Church but of Apostolic precept. Is illiteracy to be preferred, hereafter, by the Church to learning? Modesty? Or is the possession of a wife and family by a beginner to be considered meritorious? Some reason should be given, for it is impossible to think that the committee has acted arbitrarily.

The more we read about our founders the more thankful are we that our foundations were laid by men who knew the true functions of a University. The more we read their speeches, pamphlets and resolutions, the more admirable do the men appear to be. I have just read "Thoughts on the University Question," by Professor Campbell, published in 1845, and can reach out a hand to him across the intervening years in token of cordial sympathy and agreement. He repudiated the idea of a Sectarian University, and pointed out that Queen's had to be started because the so-called Provincial University was Sectarian, and that the only alternative proposed was the stripping it of every vestige of religion. He saw no necessity for either extreme, and he asked the Legislature, to provide in the infancy of the Province, "not for the continuance but for the extinction of our differences, or for the gradual cultivation of the spirit by which in our day these differences are embittered." His appeal was in vain, but the result he hoped for has come about in another way. Toronto University is liberalized, to the extent of being open to all on equal conditions, though unfortunately it is still under political bondage, and while the religious influences connected with it are all that could be expected in a Provincial institution, the religious spirit of its staff and students is admirable. Queen's, too, has always preserved the combination the writer desired—unsectarian, yet truly christian—attracting to her walls men of all denominations, and influencing

them to love her and one another. There is surely hope for a country whose Universities are of this type. "Who shall predict," writes our first Professor of Classics, that out of this may not one day arise that which we now scarce dare to hope for, a termination of those religious feuds which are our bane, our misery, and our disgrace?" Some of them dream that union means surrender to their pretensions, others have erected schism into a faith. But, in great unsectarian Universities, animated by a Christian spirit, he has hope. It is our hope, too. And the day shall surely come.

"Be the day weary or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to eveninging."—SENECA.

The Chancellor will be able to report at next Convocation that this authentic and complete record of the origin and history of the University, including the names of all benefactors from 1839 onwards, is at length fairly under way and likely to be completed before the end of this year, up to date. He has been at a great deal of trouble in endeavouring to obtain the best possible designs, and any one who sees these that have been selected will feel that his time and trouble have not been wasted. The work is going on at the house of Dr. Williamson, who is responsible for the compiling and literary form of the record, and who has engaged Mr. Yoshi Ikehara, of Tokyo, Japan, to inscribe the work. The existing records are defective in places, but Dr. Williamson's and Dr. Bell's memories are generally able to fill in the gaps. It is most fortunate that this work was commenced in time. The Chancellor looks ahead as well as behind, and this comes up to the definition of man as "a being endowed with large discourse of reason, looking before and after."

The Jubilee of Queen's was dated from the first meetings held to raise money for the University it had been decided to establish in Kingston. These were held in December, 1839. In 1841, Dr. Liddell, the first Principal, arrived, and Rev. P. C. Campbell, of Brockville, was appointed Professor in Classics. The first session, however, did not open till March 7th, 1842, and therefore it follows that the real jubilee of Queen's should be celebrated by the students next March. At the same time we should celebrate Dr. Williamson's jubilee, for he arrived from Scotland the same year, in time to begin work on October 1st, 1842. The sessions at first were nine months long. Soon after it was decided that eight months were enough for Arts and six for Theology. What form should our jubilee take next March, and how should we, in particular, honour Dr. Williamson? We invite answers to these queries.

What is your aim in becoming a University student? I wish to get my degree, for that will either admit or help to admit me into a profession, or will show that I have been a faithful student, and at the end of my course received the regular Hall-mark. I keep that aim diligently before me, and the more subjects I can "knock off" the better. Those subjects! Would they were fewer in number! What are they but stumbling-blocks in the

way of the degree! A malevolent senate put them there, but I think I can crawl under, over, or around them. That is the heart language of students, few or many, put into "broad Lowlands" or "the brutal Saxon vernacular." If that is the aim, is it worth while going to a University? No. You can get into the professions in other ways, and why should you spend years merely for the sake of showing to others what is not true? You wish to pass as an educated man, but you are not. You have sacrificed substance to show. Would it not be better to get the education without the degree, than the degree without the education? Take up the subjects you find profitable and study them thoroughly. That is the only sensible plan. If the degree comes in that way, well and good. If it does not come, you can live without a degree, but you cannot live very well without self-respect.

In our pressing and ever increasing multiplicity of lectures, classes, and text-book work, there is one thing we should not neglect—our independent reading. The true University man is not a jug into which water has been poured from many vessels until it is full even to overflowing; he is a man who has formed his own culture by his own reading and reflections; the lectures and professors are helps and encouragements, not the be-all and end-all of his intellectual life. Some words of Carlyle express this admirably: "The University which would completely take in that great new fact, the existence of printed books, and stand on a clear footing for the nineteenth century, as the Paris one did for the thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University or final highest school can do for us, is still but what the first school began doing—teaching us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a collection of books." We may gain a double lesson from this passage. It asserts in far stronger and more effective words what we have more than once endeavored to say. Our need is not more study, more actual going over text-books and lectures, but more reading, more making ourselves familiar with the best and wisest part of the best and wisest men. And let us always remember Matthew Arnold's dictum, that it is necessary to read much in order to read well. There is another thing the passage we have quoted contains, which we might peruse with advantage, "the true University of these days is a collection of books." We are Queensmen and therefore loyal, and therefore keenly alive to our beloved Alma Mater's needs. We need more chairs and more Professors in many branches. More attention should be paid to Science. We should have a school of Engineering. We need all these things; but our crowning need is—a Library. In all our efforts to benefit the University, let us remember this greatest need of hers. These are the two lessons then that we would draw from the text we have taken—more books and more reading. We have

been too much given to following the letter and neglecting the spirit, to carefully following out the necessarily narrow field taken up in class, and leaving untouched the broad and important questions untouched by the Professor. Perhaps it is significant that on this continent we always speak of college "boys," while in England the term is college "men." We have indeed in time past been too much of boys; let us now endeavour to be men.

A CORRECTION.

Editor Queen's College Journal.

Dear Sir,—While thanking you for your courtesy in inserting my letter, I regret that, by omitting the quotation marks from the last paragraph, you have made me an unintentional plagiarist. The concluding paragraph, with the exception of the last three lines of the letter, is simply a continuation of Dr. Stuckenberg's remarks, and has, of course, no reference to the "Single tax." The "order of society" against which he so strongly protests is the present unchristian order, or rather disorder, the Canute principle, which produces the extreme of misery side by side with the extreme of extravagant self-indulgence, just as in the decadence of ancient Rome.

FIDELIS.

LITERATURE.

A LITTLE TIFF BETWEEN GABRIEL AND EVANGELINE AT THE FEAST OF BETROTHAL.

A. LA KIELING.

(See "The Story of the Gadabys.")

"THE last time I mangled garbage at the house of the notary public,
 "They gave me a whole piece of ice, almost as big as a walnut.
 "I had it all to myself, so eat it up in a jiffy;
 "Meant to have saved you some, but forgot till I'd munched the whole business.
 "What do you think of that for one of the old codger's blow-outs?"
 Thus did Gabriel speak as he handed the cheese to Evangeline.
 Thus made answer the maid, while her nose to the heavens ascended:
 "Really, Monsieur Lajeunesse, your words are very improper,
 "And your slang is not fit to be heard by ears of a virtuous damsel.
 "Then too you revile and make fun of our dear old notary public.
 "Besides," and this with a blush, "being rude to your own little darling,
 "As you so often have called me, tho' now I believe you no longer.
 "I am very displeased, and shall speak to you no more to-day, sir,
 "Unless you promise and vow you will speak like a simple Acadian,
 "And not like an English trooper with rude and unmannerly swearing."

"All right, old girl," he replied, "I will be as mild as old Moses,
 "And will talk like an ass of the desert, if so it please your Highness.
 "Only don't get waxy with me, there's a duck, or I know I'll go crazy,
 "And then you will have to lug me around with a string and a loaded revolver."
 So they made it up, and squeezed little fingers beneath the table
 When last I saw them they were spooning like fun in the orchard,
 Watching the little birds that played the fool in the branches,
 While from the fields of their souls a fragrance celestial ascended.

A. C. L.

TOGETHER.

We'll front the world together,
 You and I;
 O! strong and hopeful, side by side,
 With pride that shall rise up to pride,
 With mutual faith that shall abide,
 Though all else should go by,
 We'll front the world together,
 You and I.
 We'll breast the hill together,
 You and I;
 It may be long and steep and rough,
 And try our hardest, sternest stuff—
 We are together—'tis enough!
 What may we not defy?
 We'll breast the hill together,
 You and I.
 We'll brave the storm together,
 You and I;
 Let shadows darken as we go,
 Chill winds from failure's caverns blow,
 And rude rains beat—together so,
 No terror can come nigh;
 We'll brave the storm together,
 You and I.
 O! hand in hand together,
 You and I;
 On to the light shall work our way,
 And each by each, together may
 Wait at the far end of the day,
 Beneath the Western sky,
 Still hand in hand together,
 You and I.

ESWALD.

LAMENT.

BY HELOISE.

Fickle, fickle, though I find thee,
 As of yore thy fetters bind me,
 False thy vows and feigned affection,
 Stronger comes fond recollection.
 Of a moment's happy dreaming,
 Whereof love there shone the seeming,

Of the mellowed love-light shining,
 When my own death warrant signing.
 Heart and soul I gave the keeping,
 All my love that erst was sleeping,
 All I told thee, nothing hiding,
 Sweetly in thy love confiding.
 Giving love that naught can measure,
 Caring only for thy pleasure,
 Guarding so that naught could stain thee,
 Shielding age lest aught should harm thee.
 Though thy treachery has broken,
 All the vows so sweetly spoken,
 Yet I curse thee not, but bless thee,
 Sadly as I leave, curse thee.
 To thy conscience pangs I leave thee,
 Ever sad thy soul believe me,
 But I pity thee, my fairest,
 Since nor love nor life thou sparest.
 For thy soul shall yet, relenting,
 Pray forgiveness, sure repenting,
 Then thy tears shall not avail thee,
 Though in life I would not fail thee.
 For my heart is breaking, breaking,
 And the soul its flight is taking,
 Mine the sleep that knows no waking,
 Neath the hillock ivy making.

MY HOURI.

BY HELOISE.

Oh ! the precious moments fleeting,
 When our thoughts so much were blended,
 Past for e'er our happy meeting,
 All our dreams for ever ended.
 Once our hearts were thrilled with gladness,
 O, my Houri, must we sever,
 May we never still the sadness,
 Is the pang to last forever.
 Dreamed I not that fell Nemesis,
 On that first impassioned hour,
 Soon would rend thy threads Lachesis
 (As we felt each other's power).
 Yet I swear I still adore thee,
 One last token dark-eyed beauty,
 Just to make more sweet the sorrow,
 Now in parting I implore thee,
 Of my love take all thy booty,
 One last kiss I pray thee borrow.
 Though your heart is as that far light,
 As the moonlight cold above me,
 As the dim and distant starlight,
 Ah ! I know you could not love me.
 But I love thee, ever, ever,
 Though thy heart is turned from me,
 Surely, Narad, Goddess never
 Can entice my spirit from thee.
 Matchless, queenly, radiant Houri,
 None half so fair wert thou but true,
 Lest my love should turn to fury,
 I leave thee, love—for aye—adieu.

KEATS ON MEG MERRILESS.

Old Meg she was a gipsy,
 And lived upon the moors,
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
 And her house was out of doors ;
 Her apples were swart blackberries,
 Her currants, pods o' broom,
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
 Her look a churchyard tomb.
 Her brothers were the craggy hills,
 Her sisters, larchen trees,
 Alone with her great family,
 She lived as she did please ;
 No breakfast had she many a morn,
 No dinner many a noon,
 And 'stead of supper, she would stare
 Full hard against the moon.
 But every morn, of woodbine fresh,
 She made her garlanding,
 And, every night, the dark green yew
 She wove, and she would sing ;
 And with her fingers, old and brown,
 She plaited mats of rushes,
 And gave them to the cottagers
 She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
 And tall as Amazon,
 An old red blanket cloud she wore,
 A ship hat had she on ;
 God rest her aged bones somewhere,
 She died full long ago.

The above poem is interesting as connecting Keats with Scott, in whose novel—*Ginny Manering*—Meg plays such an important and romantic part. The pervasive and sensuous element on which Keats so depended is to be noted.

"FAKE" JOURNALS.

A great many people have lately been swindled by so called prize competitions, the only object of which was to deceive the public and realize money for the promoters. Mushroom journals have sprung up and offered wonderful inducements to subscribers, who on taking the cunningly laid bait found both the journal and the prizes worthless. The publishers of the *Dominion Illustrated* have learned that doubts are expressed regarding the genuineness of the offers they have made in connection with their prize competition. To set all doubts at rest they now announce that any dissatisfied prize winner in their competition may exchange a prize for the cash value at which it is rated in their published list. Their only object in offering prizes has been to secure a larger permanent circulation, and to this end their journal has also been greatly enlarged and improved. The nature of the prize competition makes it a beneficial literary exercise for all, apart altogether from the questions of prizes. A journal with a well established reputation, and which is constantly aiming to improve its literary and illustrative contents is not of the sort that breaks faith with subscribers. The response to their generous offer has already been most gratifying. On receipt of 12 cents in stamps the publishers (The Sahiston Litho and Pub. Co., Montreal) will forward to any address a sample copy of the journal with terms, full particulars, etc.



JAMES CAPPON, M. A.,

Professor of English Language and Literature, Queen's University.

PROF. JAMES CAPPON, M.A.

Professor Cappon was appointed to the chair which he now holds in 1888. He was born at Broughty Ferry, Scotland, in 1857. He was educated at the High School of Dundee and afterwards at the University of Glasgow, with which Queen's has always been closely associated. Amongst other honors gained by Mr. Cappon at the University was the Buchanan Prize, the First Prize in Moral Philosophy, and the Jaffrey Ferguson Bursary in Philosophy and English Literature. During these years he also held the appointment from the Senate of Glasgow University of Examiner in General Education for the subjects of English Language and Literature, Logic, and Moral Philosophy. In 1882 he went to Genoa as teacher of English, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of Italian, and an intimate acquaintance with the life and thought of the Italian people. When it is added that Professor Cappon is familiar with the language and literature of France and Germany, and at college obtained a thorough classical training, it will be evident that he had taken unusual pains to qualify himself for the post which he now holds. Professor Edward Caird, himself a man of the widest culture, spoke of him as "the most cultured man he knew," and as "one of the ablest men who had been educated in Glasgow within the last ten years." Since he came to Queen's Professor Cappon has justified this emphatic testimony. Besides his regular college work he has helped to determine the future course of teaching in English in our High Schools and Universities by the valuable suggestions which he made in a paper read before the Teacher's Association in Toronto. The honour course in English which he then outlined, was the basis of the new matriculation examination agreed to by Toronto University and the other Universities of Ontario. In his inaugural lecture of 1889 he, for the first time in this country, gave a full and organic idea of the teaching of English in our Universities. Some idea of Prof. Cappon's insight and power of expression may be obtained from the lecture on Browning, given at Trinity College, Toronto, and published in the *JOURNAL* for March 10th, 1890, but only those whose privilege it is to enter into the great heritage of English Literature under his guidance can have any proper idea of the stimulating influence of his teaching. Professor Cappon is an author as well as a teacher. In 1885 there appeared from his pen a critical account of the life and writings of Victor Hugo, which received the highest commendation from the great English reviews for the critical acumen and the originality it displayed. The many friends of Queen's look forward with interest to the further contributions to the higher literary criticism which he is sure to make.

Ten thousand four hundred and ninety-nine degrees have been conferred by the University of Michigan since 1841, the year of first opening.

Ohio Wesleyan University has made plans for a new university building to cost about \$90,000. A chapel with a seating capacity of 1,400 will be in the new building.

CONTRIBUTED.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AT ATHENS.

OUR great superiority to the ancients in all the mechanical arts disposes us to the belief that this superiority extends to every department of human life and activity. In some lines of thought it is doubtful, however, if we have reached the eminence of the ancient civilizations. Founded as the earlier nations were, on the basis of slavery, they had a more numerous leisured class who took part in public life and devoted their time to the cultivation of the higher learning. Numerous as our universities and students are, it is quite possible that ancient Babylon, whose civilization dates back at least 3,000 years B.C., had as large a learned class. She had numerous colleges or "circles of the magic," corresponding to the Hebrew "schools of the prophets"—pursuing secular as well as sacred studies. In India the disciples of the Buddha were to be counted by thousands, and high as we esteem the culture of the Greeks, Plato in his *Laws* says that the system of education in Egypt was in many respects far superior to that of Greece.

To speak, therefore, of University life among the ancients is not starting an absurdity, or giving expression to a novelty. They had the thing if they had not the name. In Greece the higher education originated with the much-maligned Sophists. The first stirrings of intellectual life were due to their lectures and disputations. Passing from city to city they were followed by bands of eager and inquiring young men who adopted their views and were called their school. This was the tent-life period of Science. Through the attraction of the names of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, Athens eventually became the centre of learning in Greece, and that pre-eminence it retained long into the Christian era. After the Macedonian Supremacy, other cities became seats of higher learning—Alexandria, Antioch, Rhodes, Tarsus and Pergamus, but Athens always remained the great resort and training-school of the old world.

In some respects Greek education was superior to any that has followed it. There was not that multiplicity of studies to bewilder and muddle the brain that gives a smattering of many subjects but the mastery of none. Greek education was directed to the cultivation of thought and feeling of the reason and the aesthetic faculty. Its aim was to train men to the capacity of thinking clearly and consecutively, by pursuing lines of study that cultivated habits of accuracy, method and just reasoning.

We have lost sight largely of the leading principle of the Greeks. Their motto was not *multa*, but *multum*. The basis and chief subject of their education was their own literature and their mother tongue—thought and the instrument of thought. But, though limited in its scope as compared with modern systems, Greek education was less one-sided than ours. The training was physical and moral as well as mental. Every man was instructed in the duties and privileges of citizenship and was prepared to play his part in public life. The training in morals was the highest to which man has ever attained outside of the light of revelation. It was artistic too, refining

and ennobling in its influence, inasmuch as in Athens, the light of Greece the student was in continual intercourse with the highest achievements of human genius, and lived in daily contemplation of the loftiest ideals.

The educational views of the Greeks, as set forth by Plato and Aristotle, have long been known and studied, and form a large chapter in every systematic history of the Theory of Education. Little, however, has been written about student life in ancient Greece. Those who are interested in this subject can safely be referred to Wilkins and Mahaffy, as entertaining and valuable guides. What follows is largely drawn from their works on Greek education.

The life of the young men who attended the Greek Universities was characterised by certain customs which in course of time crystallised into traditions. These practices passed on to the early Italian Universities, and have in some degree been adopted by all modern European Universities.

In the time of the Roman Empire no student could attend lectures unless he wore the customary *tribon* or student's gown. This was a privilege which only the *Sophist* or President could grant, and was equivalent to our Matriculation. As the continental nations show a special fondness for wearing official costumes, we may feel confident that no proctor's eye, however vigilant, could detect any breach of university regulations in this respect at least. There were no college buildings for housing students, nor any arrangements for daily commons as in the English Universities. The students were scattered through the city, living "the free life" as in the German and Scotch Universities. There were stated banquets, however, at fixed periods throughout the year with the object of bringing the professors and students into closer contact with each other. Benefactors of the universities sometimes left large endowments for the purpose of keeping up these banquets in *perpetuum*. Epicurus, the philosopher, made provision in his will for a banquet to be celebrated on the 20th of every month. While these dinners generally at least originally consisted of "plain living and high thinking," yet, in course of time, they became very luxurious and extravagant. Lycan, one of the heads of the Peripatetic School, gave banquets so sumptuous that the feasters didn't "go home till morning." The aim of these gatherings was often lost sight of, and the feast became a source of scandal against all connected with the university. There was no moral discipline exercised by the authorities. Attendance on lectures was not compulsory. Order was preserved by one of the older students who was elected to the position for ten days. As *archon* or prefect, he had the power to cite a disorderly member of the university before his fellow-class mates, who decided on the proper mode of dealing with the offender. Rustication was the gravest punishment inflicted by this democratic court. This was regarded as a deep social disgrace, reflecting not merely on the family of the offender, but even on his native city. From hoar antiquity the dread authority of this judicial procedure has come down to the venerable and widely-feared *Concursus Virtutis et Iniquitatis* of our own time.

Clubs and societies flourished in the university of ancient times as in our own, but with more serious business. They were usually called *choroi*. Frequent mention is made of them in books of the first century A.D. Originally they were founded on a national basis, as students on the continent and in Scotland are divided into nations. The Society of *Thesoids* represented the Attic element. Students of Doric race belonged to the rival society of the *Heracleids*, Herakles being the great national hero of the Dorians. At a later period the societies were called by the name of some popular Professor. Rival teachers often used unworthy arts to attract students to their lectures, as in addition to the salary of the chair, all fees also went to the teacher. The evil grew to such a height that factions often rent the universities in twain and caused violent disorders. We are told by a writer who describes these scenes that clubs in full strength often marched down to the harbor of Piræus, three miles from Athens, and even to the promontory of Sunium, twenty good miles away, to catch freshmen coming by sea from the Colonies and other Greek states and to secure them for their favorite's lectures. Rival clubs crossing each other's orbits while engaged in the same pursuit often attacked each other and savage combats ensued. Libanius, the Sophist, 400 A.D., who describes the university as it was in his own and earlier times says that he was canvassed in the interest of the Rhetor Aristodemus before he had even left Antioch home, but on arriving in Athens he was met by a club in the interest of Diophantus, a rival teacher, and forced to swear allegiance to him. Frequently the military had to interfere to suppress the turbulence of these clubs.

The students were notorious for their propensity to run into debt, for their dissipation, their illness and their startling pranks. This applies only to a class, the class that makes history and is talked about. The majority were orderly and studious, and consequently gave no sign. "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." A favorite piece of horseplay was that of tossing in a blanket, well known to the rough Roman soldiery by the name of *sygma*, from *sygma*, a woolen cloak. This was practised not only on fellow students, but also at times on unpopular teachers.

The freshman's lot was not, any more than in a modern university, by any means a happy one. On his arrival he had to pay his "footing." Barleque ceremonies called *teliai* initiated him into the study of the muses. Grave and reverend seniors told him the dread secrets of the society. The initiation often ended with tumbling him into a tub of cold water—to emblemise his purification from his older foul state and to fit him for the higher life of the intellect. Often the new student was led publicly through the streets to one of the baths. There while one body led him in another pushed him out. After more or less of such treatment he was brought in, bathed and formally inverted with the *tribon*. After a certain period spent at the university students were regarded as having passed their probation, as having attained the dignity of seniors, and were left unmolested.

The instruction after the time of Socrates and Plato took the form of a lecture. It was Aristotle who first

adopted this practice. He engaged in Philosophical discussion only in his informal conversations with favorite pupils while walking in his *Peripatetic*. The earlier methods were those of disputation and catechising. It was thus that Socrates and Plato taught. Men attended the courses of lectures from five to eight years. All ages were represented, as it was a mark of social distinction to be on the books of the university.

The course consisted largely of study of the classical authors in prose and poetry, with illustrations and comments. This served as a training in literature and language—the culture studies. Then followed the technical course, the study of oratory in its highest forms, the practice of public speaking and exercises in the writing of essays—all designed to equip students for that public life which it was the ambition of all Greeks to lead. The last three or four years of university life were thus wholly devoted to securing a complete mastery of the mother tongue, so as to use it with accuracy, elegance and power, while with ourselves it is only quite recently that the idea has occurred that one's mother tongue ought to be as legitimate and important a matter for study as the languages of Greece and Rome. A.R.N.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

I do not mean a merely devotional but a scientific study of the Bible. The importance of this has been admitted since the Reformation, by every one who believes that the Bible contains a Revelation from God that is intelligible. Notwithstanding this traditional admission, the knowledge of the Bible possessed by the average Christian is meagre and crude.

One reason of this general ignorance is that the great truths revealed in the Bible with regard to God and man are writ in such large letters that he who runs can read, and many good people profess themselves satisfied with knowing these. Another reason is the extraordinary excellence of the Bible as a book for devotional reading, no matter how haphazard the way of reading it. We get so much benefit and so much interest from reading bits here and there disconnectedly, that we forget that there is a still more excellent way. Another reason is the difficulty of getting a thorough and scientific knowledge of the Bible while the average Christian is indolent. This difficulty is felt when we attempt to study any one great writer, say Shakespeare or Browning. Most of us are content with knowing scraps of either. It is now admitted that we must study writings in connection with the author's times and his own development. This is difficult, and we can easily see how infinitely the difficulty must be increased, if we remember that the Old Testament itself is a whole library, the purified essence of the literature of a wonderful people.

This literature is rightly called a book, or even *the* book (Bible). There is a unity in it which every devout and intelligent reader recognizes; but it is none the less a library, including history, biography, poetry, and almost every other form of literature of varying degrees of excellence.

A scientific, that is a methodized, knowledge of that book or literature is indispensable to the intelligent

Christian. He ought to understand its spirit, the laws and conditions of its growth, the literary and historical circumstances in which it was developed, and the relation of part to part and of the parts to the whole. With that understanding he will be as superior to one who has merely memorized texts as the man who has learned any subject scientifically is to the man who knows a large number of facts which he has never co-ordinated; as superior as a disciplined army of ten thousand is to a mob of millions; or the modern student of medical and surgical anatomy to his predecessors; or the man who studies biology according to the modern principles of evolution to the old believer in successive catastrophes and separate creations; or the modern astronomer to the man who sees the stars on one vast plane.

How then are we to get this scientific knowledge? Classification of the books according to some principle that will throw light on their relations, is the first thing needed. Here our English Bible, especially in the Old Testament, gives no help. The classification in it is the four-fold one—into law, history, poetry, and the prophets. This arrangement is based on misconceptions, and is misleading to the ordinary reader, who fancies, for instance, that the historical books are not prophetic, that the prophets did not write in poetry, and that Malachi was the last book of the Old Testament to be written. If he studies the genealogies in the books of Ezra-Nehemiah and Chronicles, he will find that those books must have been written a century later than Malachi, while commentators, like Calvin, who decided authorship by internal evidence, assign some of the Psalms to the time of the Maccabees. Hence I regret that we have not followed the Hebrew classification in our English Old Testament. Our Lord referred to it in Luke xxiv. 25, 27, 44. He gave the basis of the division found in the Talmud, and adopted in every Hebrew Bible used by us to this day, viz:

I. The Law; including Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy—five books

II. The Prophets; Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve minor prophets from Hosea to Malachi, counted as one—eight books.

III. The Writings or Scriptures; three poetical, the Psalms, Proverbs, Job; the five Rolls, Canticles, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Esther; three Historical, Daniel, Ezra-Nehemiah and Chronicles—eleven books.

Thus we have the whole Old Testament arranged in twenty-four books, classified as three correlated parts. We can now ask, what gives unity to all these books, and what is the relation of part to part?

The Old Testament throughout is a revelation of God as the Eternal, the living God who desires to redeem man from sin. In part first, He reveals Himself to Moses, and in doing so calls Himself the God of Abraham, the man with whom history begins with the God of grace a recognized factor in history. He reveals Himself as the God and King of that "people of Revelation" whom Moses was to lead forth from bondage, and as their King He gives them laws. In part second, He reveals His character in connection with the history of the people, the only way, it may be said, in which the

actual features of His character could possibly be impressed on the general consciousness; during this period prophets expounded for them and for all time the meaning of the history. In part third, He reveals Himself in connection with problems that try men, and that had to be solved in thousands of varied individual experiences. In the solution of each and all alike of these problems, He was found to be a sufficient practical guide of life, and a never-failing stay and staff to the heart. Does not the Old Testament gain new value when it is looked at in the light of this triple division, which as Westcott says, "is not a mere accident or arbitrary arrangement, but a reflection of the different stages of religious developments through which the Jewish nation passed?" The knowledge of it is the first requisite to a scientific study of the literature of the Bible, in its unity and complexity, in its order and completeness. It is a pity we have not adopted this division. It was sanctioned by the Lord himself, and I would now recommend it as a suggestive and otherwise helpful guide to the English student of Holy Scripture.

G. M. GRANT.

COLLEGE NEWS.

Y. M. C. A.

OUR meeting on 20th March was led by the Principal, and the room was, as usual, crowded. His subject was "My interview with the late Dr. Neesima, in Japan." The address was suggested by the receipt from Tokyo recently of a sketch of Dr. Neesima's life, published in Japan, and presented to Queen's Missionary Association by Mr. Stanley Chown. The Principal gave a brief outline of that great man's life, the story of which has all the charms of the most thrilling romance. Time and space will not permit a lengthy notice but perhaps the following particulars will induce our readers to acquaint themselves further with the subject. Mr. Neesima was born in Tokyo, of native parents, 48 years ago, into religious darkness. In childhood he was taught to worship idols; but at the age of 15 he became sceptical about the gods that "never touched the food, etc. — he offered them," and he refused to worship the same. His thirst for knowledge, and the views he used to express, cost him many a flogging; but at the age of 21 he got away from home to Hakodate, where he expected to obtain instruction in foreign languages, especially English. He soon found that impracticable, and in course of a month resolved to make for the United States. He got smuggled on board a Yankee ship to elude the observation of Japanese officials and had to work for his passage. The ship was trading on the way, and a year passed before she arrived in Boston. There, the owner of the vessel, the Hon. Alpheus Hardy, took an interest in the young man, and he was sent to Amherst Academy. In due course he entered the University and afterwards the Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1874. Meanwhile the Imperial Embassy came from Japan to visit America and Europe, and Mr. Neesima was made their interpreter. This resulted in a warm attachment between himself and these high officials,

which became a powerful factor in aiding his subsequent life work. His grand dream was the establishment of a Christian College in Japan. He returned home in 1874 and after overcoming the most extraordinary obstacles Mr. Neesima established in Kyoto a school which he called the *Doshisha*. Started in an humble manner the institution has been growing wonderfully ever since, and from it have gone forth influences which are revolutionizing Japan. In fact, as his biographer has stated, "the planting of the school in Kyoto, in the midst of the great prejudice and opposition, and its success as it stands before the world to-day, is as great a miracle as any recorded in the old Testament or the New, it except the miracle of Our Saviour's incarnation and atoning work." The principal paid a visit to the Doshisha when he was in Japan, and in his notes a high tribute is paid to the work done there. The nobility of its founder's character impressed him very strongly during their personal intercourse, and in Dr. Neesima's recent death he felt that he had lost a true friend.

Every member of the association ought to read the little volume. A few have already done so, and some of them are engaging it for a second perusal. Dr. Neesima's precept: "*Be singleminded for a single purpose*," is one of several which his own life emphasises; and therefore, the reading of the book cannot fail to profit the thoughtful."

DIVINITY HALL.

Before the curtain falls upon the last act of the session of '90-'91, we would like to present to our readers a short sketch of the six men who have played no unimportant part in the quickly shifting scenes of college life in Queen's during the past seven years. We do not wish to be thought of as the "mysterious slayer" in Nick Whiffles, as some of the Arts honors wrongly suppose, but to give a parting "shake" to the men who go forth as apostles and teachers. The number is small, only six. No instead of sending them out two by two as the Twelve of old, we must content ourselves by sending them out one by one.

The first that naturally comes under our notice is John Reddon, B.A., a tower of strength physically, mentally and spiritually. Like Saul, he stands higher than any of his class mates from his shoulders and upwards. During his course he has been an earnest and conscientious student, availing himself of every opportunity to fit him for his life's work. His summers have been spent chiefly amongst the mission stations in Kingston Presbytery, where he has always done excellent service in building up the cause and teaching the people knowledge. Preaching seems like a natural gift to him, and we have no doubt that John will soon rise high among his brethren.

Archibald McKenzie, M.A., is the next subject of our attention. Like Zaccheus he is short of stature, but in his general character reminds us more of the Apostle John. Quiet and reserved in his nature he has not mixed up much with the general life of the college, yet, notwithstanding, he has made himself a favorite with all who have come in contact with him. Having been brought up on porridge and the ——— catechism he believes in

election together with all the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from it. As a student he has held a high position in his class, and as a preacher—well he is a second McNeill. We are sorry to lose him but we wish him every success.

John A. McDonald, B.A., is well-known in Queen's. He figured conspicuously in the riot of '86, when the oppressed freshmen made that gallant dash for liberty. It was John A. who sounded the slogan, and rushing through the ranks of the enemy "he foremost fighting, fell." He has been throughout his course closely identified with the missionary work of Queen's, and besides being the means of greatly stimulating the missionary zeal of his fellows has consecrated his life to foreign mission work. During the present session he has filled the President's chair in the Missionary Association, which no doubt accounts for the unusually interesting meetings we have had. Like Paul, he goes afar to preach the gospel to the Gentiles. That old heart sob of Hiawatha, "Gitchi Manito the Mighty, give your children food, O Father; give us food or we must perish," has come to him with new meaning, and he has decided to respond to the appeal, and will carry the "True bread" to the starving Indians of our North-West. He may rest assured that the benediction of his Alma Mater will follow him.

J. Morris McLean, B.A., leaves Queen's with the kindest feelings of every student. After passing through many trials and tribulations such as railroad accidents, typhoid fever, etc., he has at last managed to fulfil the requirements of the church and looks forward to having the hands of the Presbytery laid upon him at an early date. We understand he is the only man in the small band who has yet received a "call," and we think the congregation of Rosebank has exercised good taste in asking Mac to become their pastor. The JOURNAL wishes him every success in his new work.

T. B. Scott, B.A., is going to spend another year with us, so we defer judgment for another year.

The one only and singular Hugh Ross completes the theological class of '91, and is by far the most clerical looking man in the party. By his solemn and pensive air he looks like one of the old school, but on closer examination he proves himself to be thoroughly modern in all his ideas. He may truly be called a Boanerge, as in his preaching he adopts that style scientifically known as the explosive. He is an elocutionist of rare ability, his rendition of Shakespeare being thrilling in the extreme. He is undecided as yet where his work will be, and like a wise man is directing his energies towards the duties of the moment, feeling satisfied that he has been fore-ordained to go somewhere.

After seven years pleasant intercourse we are sorry to part with them, but trust they will, like their predecessors, keep the flag of Queen's "free from blot or shame."

SOPHOMORE MEETING.

Last Wednesday the class meetings of '93 were brought to a close by a very happy entertainment. Mr. Laird occupied the chair. A quartette rendered several gleees in a manner that surpassed all previous efforts, and Mr. Squire's solo was worthy of any public audience. The

class poet, Mr. W. L. Grant, read a most amusing and clever composition, in which many classmates are "immortalized." The historian, Mr. Hadyn, read his interesting record of the year, and it was done in a model style. He avoided those contemptible personalities with which some historians patch their scanty resources; and, beginning with a description of the class, as a whole, when it was registered, he dwelt mainly on "the leading principles of growth and the great lines of development" to be noted at the present stage. The Sophomores may congratulate themselves on the standing which the history declares them to have taken in all college matters. At the Alma Mater meetings, in the Glee Club, on the field of sports, the year has contributed very substantially, and "will continue to do so." Votes of thanks to the officers were duly accorded, and "Auld Lang Syne" finished the delightful programme.

JUNIORS' MEETING.

On Thursday afternoon, March 26th, the Juniors held their last meeting for this season. The following officers were elected by acclamation for the season of '91-'92:

Chairman—Mr. F. Hugo
Secretary—Mr. R. F. Hunter.
Historian—Miss S. E. Anglin.
Poet—Miss M. Donovan.
Prophet—Mr. J. McDonald.
Antiquarian—Mr. P. K. McRae.

The business being over the committee presented what they called an "unique" programme. Mr. Ross gave Mr. Bowser's house-cleaning experience, and then followed a number of decidedly "unique" three minute speeches on such vague and ambiguous subjects as "John," "Novel Reading," "The Fair," "Curling," etc. The Chairman, Mr. Davis, made his farewell address, urging the class to keep together, and after graduating to continue their reunions, meeting at least once a year, not only in spirit but also in body. After singing "Auld Lang Syne" the members dispersed, wishing one another good luck at the coming exams.

OUR WESTERN MISSIONS.

Some time ago there appeared in the JOURNAL a brief sketch of three of the five mission fields supported by the College Missionary Association. The remaining two fields, which were placed under the care of the Association for the first time last year, are Grenfell and Ravenswood.

Grenfell, from which the field receives its name, is a small village on the main line of the C.P.R., about three hundred miles west of Winnipeg. This field is in the North-West Territory and has four stations, at three of which fortnightly services are held. In the village a weekly service is conducted. Two Union Sunday Schools are also carried on, in which a deep interest is manifested. Although many of the settlers have to travel long distances in order to attend the services, yet they are regular in their attendance and highly appreciate the work of the Missionary.

As yet we have not received a full report from the Missionary at Ravenswood, hence our report must be somewhat meagre.

Ravenswood lies south of Carman, in Manitoba, near to the Glenboro branch of the C.P.R. There are three stations in this field, at which services are held during the summer months. Although the crops were almost a failure last season, yet, financially, the field did well, two of the stations alone raising one hundred and ten dollars.

Those fields are full of promise for the future. The fact of their situation, viz., one near the Glenboro branch of the C.P.R., and the other on the main line, will hasten settlement. As the country becomes settled there is no doubt but that self-supporting congregations will be formed.

TOM.



TWENTY YEARS AND NEVER LOST A SUR.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A kidnap—A Freshman asleep.

Class re-unions for '90 and '91 are now a thing of the past.

The Sunday services in Convocation Hall are very well attended.

The students are working very hard, preparing for the approaching exams.

Our annual sale of magazines and papers was very successful this year.

John says our fires will not be drowned out any more. The drains have been fixed.

W. W. Richardson is in the hospital. He has typhoid fever. We hope he will be around in time for the exams.

There is a bench in the Hebrew class-room that would be the better of a foot. Seeing the drains are all right, John might look after this.

All students should do their utmost to secure subscribers for the JOURNAL; if they would send their lists to the business manager he would see that they were attended to.

My pony 'tis to thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I cling.

When students are handing in their subscriptions for the JOURNAL, they should also leave their summer address, so as to make sure that they will receive No. 12, which will be issued a few days after Convocation.

The freshmen are seeking for a motto. Having about given up the idea that any have been composed recently enough to be in keeping with their requirements, they are now considering the advisability of asking the Sophs. to select one for them from Ayer's Almanac.

Entertainments were given under the auspices of the Queen's College Missionary Society at Mundel's School, Parham and Piccadilly. Messrs. J. F. McFarland, J. Stewart, Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. Herbison and Master Harris provided the programmes. Nearly \$20 was raised for the funds of the Association.

The annual business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Friday afternoon, March 20th, and the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:

President—J. Wright, '93.
Vice-President—A. Jamison, '92.
Corresponding Secretary—M. Ward, '93.
Recording Secretary—N. Odell, '94.
Treasurer—J. M. Russell, '94.

The Home Mission Committee have made the following summer appointments for Queen's men:

Quebec—R. M. Phalen, J. F. McFarland.
Glengarry—J. W. McLean.
Brockville—C. D. Campbell.
Lanark and Renfrew—J. A. Leitch, A. D. Menzies, M. N. Wilson.

Kingston—J. Sharp, D. D. McDonald, J. A. Sinclair, J. Cattanaeh, J. Madill, C. H. Daly, N. McPherson, D. A. Hamilton, J. Hodges, R. J. Hutcheon, S. S. Burns, J. McK. Kellock, W. H. Davis, E. C. Gallup, H. R. Grant, J. Rollins.

Peterborough—A. Fitzpatrick, J. Bell, W. J. Dempster.

Orangeville—N. J. Sproule.
Barrie—J. E. Smith.
Bruce—A. J. McMullen.
Brandon—J. Binnie, D. R. Drummond.
Calgary—J. W. Muirhead, J. M. Miller.
Columbia—J. A. Redden.

The University Council have selected Judge Macdonald, of Brockville, to be a member of the Board of Trustees for the ensuing five years. The graduates and alumni have elected the following gentlemen to be members of the Council:

Judge Fraleek, B.A., Belleville; Rev. A. Gandier, M.A., Brampton; John R. Lavell, M.A., Smith's Falls; Herbert Rathbun, B.A., Deseronto; James Burgess, M.A., Sydenham; Rev. James Carmichael, Strange;

E. G. Mallach, B.A., Perth; Peter C. McNee, B.A., Pictou; Dr. Mann, Renfrew; Rev. James Gray, Stirling.

The first eight hold office until 1897; the last two until 1896.

Large votes were also given for Rev. Jacob Steel, B.D., Burnbrae; Rev. M. McKinnon, B.A., Lorneville; Joshua R. Johnson, B.A., Carleton Place; Rev. R. J. Craig, M.A., Deseronto; Rev. Dr. Kellock, B.A., Spencerville; and Rev. George Macarthur, B.A., Cardinal. The number of voting papers sent in was the largest in the history of the college.

On Sunday, March 29th, Prof. Watson delivered a masterly address in Convocation Hall on "Christianity." It was one of the finest we have ever heard and will be published by a company of the students formed for the purpose.

A. M. S.

On Saturday evening, March 25th, a most enjoyable meeting was held by the A. M. S. It was the occasion of the President's annual address, and this was served up with a number of songs and recitations. At 8 p.m. the chair was taken, and after a song about some "pretty little dark blue eyes," by Strachan, and a banjo solo by Porteous, Norman Carmichael delivered his address. It was upon the Spectroscope, and was very interesting and instructive. We hope that next session Carmichael's good example may be followed by other science men. The address was followed by a lively and well-played violin solo by Beattie, which was encored. Then followed Strachan with the story about Smith getting his hair cut, which was of course well received. Lavell then entertained the assembly with a good song about a poor beggar who fell overboard in the Atlantic and was "marr-ied to a mer-maid at the bottom of the deep blue sea." Hugo sang in his inimitable way a new and thrilling song entitled "Down went McGinty," and being encored sang another of the same kind called "Annie Rooney." Then Porteous and Beattie each gave excellent solos on the banjo and violin respectively, which were both encored, and Strachan ended the programme by giving the boys "The Tune the Old Cow Died on." The meeting then adjourned.

We are sorry that so many missed the meeting as it was a good one and enjoyed immensely by the select few who attended.

PERSONALS.

A. N. White, M.D., '86, is creditably representing the Royal in Casnovia, N.Y. He is surgeon for the West Shore Railroad.

Dr. Campbell had special services a few weeks ago—the occasion being the completion of his twentieth year as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Renfrew.

The sons and daughters of Queen's are registered only after matriculation and final exams., but her grandsons and grand-daughters enjoy more privileges. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sympathy that we again call the roll: Rev. James Ross, B.D., Perth, our interesting and esteemed lecturer in Church History? Son. Rev.

Jas. G. Potter, Merrickville? Son. H. L. Wilson, Newburg? Daughter. Rev. A. McAuley, Woodville? Daughter. The JOURNAL never wishes its patrons anything but good, especially those who have difficulty enough already, but it is with doubt as to its realization that it wishes those who have answered to the above muster joy and peace.

We are pleased to hear that our friend, Nelson, who spent a session or two with us, is now shining as Mathematical teacher in Williamsonstown.

Rev. Árpád Givan is ministering very acceptably to the people of Williamsonstown.

Rev. D. L. Dewar is settled at Boulter.

Rev. James Cormack, '72, is minister at Maxville.

Alex. McLaren, M.D., '65, is practising in Lancaster.

Joseph McCormack, B.A., '79, holds with skilful hands the reins of government in Williamsonstown, H.S. It is an open question whether he excels most in instructing ungovernable pupils, in training recalcitrant steeds, or in speaking one of the modern languages. He is also a warbler of more than local note. All his skill has not passed for nought, and may yet be useful, for we hear that he intends to drive double soon.

Rev. Jas. Murray, B.D., has a congregation in Hamilton.

Max Hamilton, a member of the class of '87, is in the Hudson Bay employ somewhere.

Joseph Sanderson, '93, has had enough for the present at least of college life, and is keeping "the even tenor of his way," being engaged in the ordinary avocation of an agriculturalist in Springfield. The fellow-members of '93 were expecting a turkey or two for 'Xmas, and would respectfully suggest this as a fitting way of keeping up a class feeling.

Rev. John Young, M.A., brother of our fellow-student, is minister in Drummondville. His church is built where the battle of Lundy's Lane was fought. Though meeting in such a warlike place the congregation by their united and peaceful work give proof that old things have passed away.

A. L. Smith, B.A., '83, Alexandria, is a disturber of the peace, or a stirrer up of strife, or whatever is implied in being a worthy limb of law. He is also very active in political matters. We are glad to hear of Queen's men coming to the front.

J. C. Cameron, B.A., '88, is being dusted, or being covered with dust, in a law office in Cornwall. We don't mean to imply that he is not active or that he has ceased shining, but the very opposite. In his diligence he is going deep, turning over volumes not of forgotten but of legal lore, and struggling manfully with difficulties almost as great as Greek grammar and composition.

Alex. Pirie, M.D., '87, is now in Central America, but proposes to return soon, and will spend next winter in further equipping himself.

A. K. H. McFarlane, B.A., '88, remembered by every member of his year and by all who were at college with him, is peacefully settled at Seattle.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Cornell has registered 500 students in chemistry this year.

The National University at Tokio, Japan, enrolls 50,000 students.

The graduates of Yale number 13,444, one-half of whom are still living.

Harvard was founded in 1648, Yale in 1701, Columbia in 1739, Princeton in 1746, Dartmouth in 1766.

There is a movement on foot to establish a chair of the Irish language at the University of Pennsylvania.

A plan is on foot to establish in New York city a national university on the European plan, with an endowment of \$20,000,000.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Miss Scott is on her way home from India.

The foundation stone of the hospital in India was laid on the 4th of February.

The last meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, in connection with the college, was held on the 14th March. The sum of \$20 was sent to support a bed in the new hospital in India. Two dollars towards the expenses of the Cleveland delegate were paid over.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Resident—Miss Turnbull.

Vice-President—Miss Hulett.

Secretary—Miss Henderson.

Treasurer—Miss McCallum.

Y. W. C. A.

At 9:45 on the morning of Easter Sabbath a large number of the members of the Y. W. C. A. met for an hour of praise and prayer. It was a meeting long to be remembered by those present. The Master himself was there, and truly there was communion of soul with soul. The breath of the meeting seemed to be more whole-hearted consecration—every daughter of Queen's for Christ and Him alone. Miss Margaret O'Hara (by this time Dr. O'Hara) told how she had been led to study medicine, with the prospect of becoming a foreign missionary. It was with joyful and yet sad hearts that the members at last reluctantly dispersed, knowing that at their next meeting there would be missing some of the most earnest workers who'd be gone to "live Christ" in other parts of the world.

✽OUR TABLE.✽

A GAIN we are called to the thankless task of reviewing some of our exchanges. Least read of any column of the JOURNAL, we are fain to reduce the supply to the measure of the demand, but the Q. C. J. merits the best efforts of its most obscure contributor, as well as its most distinguished, so we brace ourself to the duty which after all we have never found unpleasant. Reviewers who are tied down to such a grade of literature as is found, for example, in the *Columbia Spectator* and the *Argus*, and who are expected to commend such comic almanac trash as is contained in those periodicals, must

frequently be disgusted with themselves and their employment. But fortunately for the reviewer of College exchanges, most Journals reach a higher degree of excellence, and indeed present an endless variety of subjects for review. It would be remarkable if any were free from faults, and extraordinary indeed if the exchange editor did not see them. By far the greater number err with the *Spectator* and *Argus*, though no others perhaps, to so great an extent; but the multitude of laboured jokes and far-fetched puns to be found in nearly all our exchanges tell a sad story of misdirected genius, to say nothing of incidental evils. A good joke scarcely ever grows old; you may always "stale 't a little more." Some of our best magazines are careful to spice their pages with the best wit, whether new or old, and reject all else. For example, the following story has been told hundreds of times in college papers, but still continues fresh: A certain Professor in a Scotch University, wishing to take a holiday, put this notice on the door of the classroom: "Prof. — will not meet his classes to-day." A waggish student erasing the "c" made "classes" read "lasses," but learned that "he laughs best who laughs last" when the Professor himself, who happened to notice the mutilation, erased another letter, making it read: "Prof. — will not meet his asses to-day." But the miserable rubbish palmed off for wit by men who think that to be able to laugh at a joke is sufficient reason for supposing they can manufacture one to order, is to say the least disgusting.

Other Journals go astray in the opposite direction, and become so extremely dignified as never to attempt to provoke a smile. There surely is a "golden mean." A good joke cannot be called undignified, while a sprinkling of such spice will cause the heavier reading to be taken with a relish. We think every Journal should devote some space and a good deal of attention to a joke column. *Our Bulletin*, *Woodstock College Monthly*, *The Theologue*, *Knox College Monthly*, and several others, would be much improved by so doing.

Reviewing would be much more agreeable if more attention were paid to the professionally literary portion of our College Journals. Why are there not more contributions by students? Why do not all our editors discover the budding geniuses every college contains, and encourage them to contribute? We are glad to see some at least do so. The *Varsity* always contains several articles from the pens of students. The *Notre Dame Scholastic*, too, never fails to place before its readers most interesting articles written by students of Notre Dame University; but the great majority of the exchanges we receive seem content, if, after inserting a few editorials, a few college notes and a page or two of wretched jokes, the remaining space be filled up—somehow. It is amusing to note the devices resorted to in order to fill the space. One, of which we think at present, seems to have a lecture or a sermon delivered by somebody; always ready for an emergency. Another holds in reserve a promiscuous lot of clippings, and in they go hurly burly into the vacant space. Others still, when contributions are not forthcoming, select a story of the proper length from the writings of some obscure author and copy it

holus bolus into the needy number, frequently forgetting to beg the authors pardon for the liberty. Such methods surely ought to be left with the editors of country locals, whose education being limited and whose aspirations are checked by the taste of subscribers, may be excused if he presents chaff where there is no desire for wheat. Editors of a college paper, whose aim should be to maintain the dignity of the institution, should make its mouth-piece reflect its highest life.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

DISSATISFACTION.

A FRESHIE, in the halls one day,
In accents sad was heard to say :

"Oh how I wish this year were o'er,
And I were once a Sophomore ;
Then would I have no fear of Court,
And college life would be but sport ;
But now I quail and shake outright,
When e'er a Senior comes in sight."
A Sophomore overheard the plaint,
His feelings went beyond restraint,
And thus he to the Freshie spake ;

"Young man, you make a great mistake
In longing for a Sophomore's state,
For we, alas, so cruel is fate,
Are but removed a step from you,
And often do we sadly rue
The Junior's birth or Senior's scorn ;
Well may our life be called forlorn,
Seek not to find true pleasure here,
Until you reach the Junior year."

A Junior passed with jaunty air,
Remarked the words and saw the stare
Of envy which the Sophomore cast
Upon him, as he onward past.

He halted, and addressed them both.
"Your fond illusion I am loth
To break," he said, "but then forsooth
You're somewhat green, to tell the truth,
A Junior's life's not all sunshine,
Nor can you trust the outward sign.
The first three years of college life
Are little else than one long strife.
From start to finish we're oppressed
And often troubled and distressed,
By thoughts of dread exams. to come.
Our life is but one endless hum.

Dream not of rest until you pass
Into the favored Senior class."
Within an alcove near at hand,
A Senior grave had ta'en his stand ;
Had heard the question in dispute,
And could remain no longer mute ;
But stepping forth with solemn air,
"Young men," quoth he, "behold how care
Has ravaged this once stalwart frame,
In madly striving after fame.
Nought now remains to me, beside
A sheepskin or a suicide."

S.

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